

Truth or Dare? by memorial

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Summary:

Mike and Will accidentally kiss during a truth or dare game, (then Mike goes through an existential crisis).

Truth or Dare?

Author's Note:

After all that upside down trouble, the boys and Eleven are 15 years old and living the teenage years.

Thursday night, 8:13pm. The boys were playing at the table while Eleven was reading a movie magazine that Nancy gave to her. She wasn't used to play with them, but she liked to watch them play sometimes. Not in that night, though. She was quiet, reading and honestly, that was boring.

Then, an idea came into her mind, after reading a plot of a teenage (and cliché) movie.

"Boys, I want to play a new game."

Lucas stared at her, confused, while the other boys asked in unison, "What new game?"

"Come with me, guys." She smiled gently.

And they did. They sat in a circle, side by side. Mike was kind of distracted because it was raining a lot outside, so he didn't pay much attention to the rules. *"Okay, okay. Let's play!"*

Dustin was the first - and he got Lucas.

"Truth or dare?"

Lucas wondered for several seconds, then replied *"Dare!"*

"Oh, I really wanna see this" Dustin laughed. *"I dare you to..."* He looked at the stairs. *"I dare you to go upstairs and jump from the second step!"*

"That's so easy!" Lucas got up and did it. The boys applauded him while laughing, but Eleven was kinda worried that Lucas could hurt himself, so she paid attention to him during the entire time, just in case something goes wrong.

After ten minutes playing, daring themselves to do stupid stuff or confess stupid things, Eleven got her chance to play with someone... and it was Mike.

"Mike... Truth or dare?" She was smiling, thinking about what she was going to ask him to do.

Mike didn't hesitate. *"Dare."*

"Fine." She smiled. *"I dare you... to kiss Will. On the cheek."*

"What?" Lucas, Dustin and also Mike asked in a surprised tone. Will stared at Mike, with a quite confused and insecure look. Everybody noticed his face turning red, and so was Mike's.

"Are you serious, El?! I mean, I..." Mike couldn't stop staring nervously at Eleven, who was still smiling at him.

"Just do it, Mike."

Okay. It's simple.

Will grinned at him, and it's just a second, a meaningless accident: they both leaned at the same time and it's like two cars colliding; their mouths brushed - just the corner of Mike's lips against Will's before any of them could stop it. It's an accident - and when it ended, so quickly, they could hear Dustin and Lucas laughing - and also Eleven giving them a surprised stare. Will giggled, his eyes turning to the other side 'cause he was too shy. Mike felt his face burn like fire, and then everything went to "normal" again - but not for Mike, as he tries to figure out why does it bother him so much.

"It was just a stupid game!", Mike kept saying to himself.

But, maybe, he should talk to Will... or maybe not. It could ruin their friendship.

It was past midnight, the boys already left. Mike was laying on his bed, looking at the window and overthinking about the "accident".

God, that could ruin everything.

Mike tried to avoid everyone at school the other day.

His head was a mess. He couldn't see Eleven yet and also tried not to talk with Lucas and Dustin, who were chatting about a new game or something. And Will. He didn't seem slightly affected by the whole thing.

So Mike plays his part. Entered the class and sat on his place, looking outside the window. Maybe... maybe if it didn't mean anything to Lucas and Dustin, *especially Will*, why would it mean anything to him?

It wasn't even a real kiss.

It's such a waste of time thinking about what happened. *But damn, why are you still thinking about it?*
It shouldn't bother him, he knows, but —

"Hey Mike." Will's voice makes him lose his train of thought. *"Are you okay?"*

Mike wanted to run away, or maybe shove his head in a hole in the ground. *"I'm fine."*

Will had to leave school earlier that day. Joyce had to take him to the doctor, to make sure that he's fine. After class, Lucas and Dustin were waiting for Mike with their bikes.

"You know," Dustin starts in a calm voice, *"You really should talk to Will."*

"Yeah? Why?" Mike pretended he didn't know why.

"Because you're not being yourselves lately. That's why." Lucas replied.

Mike rolled his eyes.

"You know, Mike... Will thinks he's done something to make you mad at him." Dustin insisted.

Mike felt like he was kicked on the stomach. It hurt. *"No... everything is fine. I mean, he didn't do anything wrong. I... I'm not mad at him."*

"You should tell him, then. He's your best friend." Lucas whispered, patting Mike on the back, without saying anything else. After that, they left.

As days go by, Mike hasn't talked to Will; first because he was sure things could get worse, and second, maybe Will would think that Mike's obsessed with something he didn't even care about anymore.

Mike needed to get a grip.

It was monday again and Mike was still avoiding talking to Will, even seeing him. It was quite impossible since Will always sat close to him during class. Mike thanked God when the class started; Mr. Clarke was babbling about science and stuff, but Mike couldn't pay attention because his mind was too far away from that class.

He also noticed that Will stared at him like, two or three times, but he pretended he didn't notice it.

But, to be really honest, if he were ever to kiss another boy, it would be Will. Will, with his pink lips, pale skin and bright eyes, smiling and giggling at everything or whatever Mike could joke about, or just doing stupid comments about stupid things... Butterflies started to fly inside his stomach. *Damn, Michael.*

He doesn't get over it, and it drives him mad at himself at the same time it drives Will away.

"Hey Mike." Dustin grabs him by the arm, and this time he wasn't smiling like he always did. *"Dude, what's going on between you and Will?"*

"It's not-"

"Oh, no. Don't you dare to pretend it's nothing." Dustin cuts him off. "Lucas and I noticed that you guys barely talked to each other in the past days. What the hell is wrong with you two?"

Mike sighs, rubbing his eyes with his hands.

"It's about... that kiss thing?" Dustin was really surprised right now. "Holy shit, it is, isn't it? I knew it!"

"Dustin, seriously, It's not-"

"Nope, don't you dare, Michael. Shut the fuck up and listen to me!" Dustin points a finger at him, making sure he would pay attention to his words. "Will is just fine, you don't have to worry about that, also... it doesn't need to mean anything, I mean-"

Dustin sounded so confusing that Mike's head was about to explode.

"Dustin, I know it didn't mean anything to him, right? I know that, do you think I don't—" Mike raises his voice without thinking, sounding too defensive and desperate, and Dustin picks up on that.

"Holy shit, Mike."

"What?"

"So that's the problem!" Dustin bites his own lip.

"What? Dustin, what?"

"The problem is that it meant something to you, Mike. It's so obvious... How couldn't we notice? How... how could we?" Dustin wanted to slam his own head against a wall.

Mike was silent, kind of blushing, kind of wanting to die.

"You... you need to talk to him! This is urgent, dude! I mean, he's really disappointed with you. Damn, you're so dumb."

"Don't call me dumb!" Mike almost yelled, trying to control himself

immediately. *"But... yeah, I know."* He realized how hurt and confused Will might be.

Dustin pats him on the shoulder, but it does nothing for Mike's comfort. *It sucks.*

"You've been acting so weird lately." Eleven was worried about Mike. *"I didn't want things to be like this. I think it's my fault."*

"It's not your fault, El." Mike sighed *"It's my fault. I'm so stupid..."*

Eleven gave Mike a warm hug, following with a serious stare.

"Don't waste one more second, Mike. Go find him, talk to him. Apologize."

"I don't think it's possible, it's too late."

"No... Just go." Eleven smiled, hoping that Mike was convinced.

Okay. I'm going.

It was almost 10pm, the weather was cold and almost raining, and Mike was hoping that Will was at home. His hands were shaking so much and there wasn't a way of controlling himself. His breath was getting heavier and, for a moment, he thought he'd have a heart attack or something.

He knocks the door. Will appears.

"Oh, hey, Mike." His expression is not a normal thing this time.

"Hey, Will. Would you let me in, please?"

Will nodded, and Mike came in.

"Are you alone?"

"Yeah. My mom called and Jonathan left to see what she needs. He's

coming back soon, I guess.”

The silence was quite uncomfortable. Mike sighed one more time before talking.

“Will, would you please look at me for a moment?” Mike begged. *“I-I’m so sorry, Will. I know you’re thinking that you did something wrong, but seriously, you didn’t! It’s all my fault, I’m so dumb. I’m sorry.”*

“Oh, it’s okay.” Will gave him a cold smile.

“No, Will. I see it’s not okay.” Mike tried to get closer to Will, confronting his eyes. *“And I know it meant nothing to you, but-“*

“You really think it meant nothing to me, Mike?”

Mike felt his hands and feet freeze, cold sweat. Will’s cheeks turned pink, almost red.

“I know I’m a horrible friend, Will. I, I couldn’t take it out of my head for a second... I’m so confused right now.”

“I’m sorry you feel annoyed.” Will was about to turn his back for Mike, but he was interrupted.

“No, Will! Just listen to me!” Mike invaded Will’s personal space, grabbing him by his shoulders, looking him deeply in the eyes. *“I can’t stop thinking about kissing you again, Will. Kissing you for real.”* His voice was really low, but his eyes were desperate.

“Oh.” Will blushed, lips parted, leaning slightly forward. *“Kiss me, then.”*

Mike felt his cheeks burn and immediately, almost desperately, touched Will’s lips tenderly, a warm kiss. He kept his eyes open for a few seconds, observing Will’s reaction and then, feeling more secure about it, closed his eyes too. Will held Mike’s face gently; his fingers were walking through his hair wires, smiling gently while closing his eyes.

It felt like a spark, and Mike wished that moment would never stop.

Author's Note:

Special thanks to Anne for being my beta and helping me! ♥